ECHOES FROM THE CITY OF THE SUN.

C. R. ASHBEE.

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ECHOES FROM THE CITY OF THE SUN:

BEING POEMS AND SONGS BY C. R. ASHBEE.

TO
THE MOTHER

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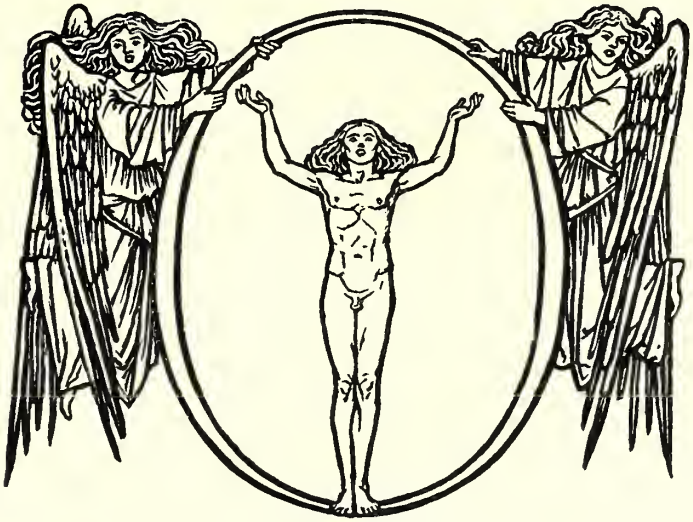
N the world of knowledge, the essential Form of Good is the limit of our inquiries, & can barely be perceived; but when perceived, we cannot help concluding that it is in every case the source of all that is bright & beautiful,—in the visible world giving birth to light and its master, and in the intellectual world dispensing, immediately & with fŭll authority, truth and reason; & that whosoever would act wisely, either in private or in public, must set this Form of Good before his eyes."

—Plato's Republic, Book VII.

THAT WE SHOW FORTH THY PRAISE, NOT ONLY WITH OUR LIPS BUT IN OUR LIVES, BY GIVING UP OURSELVES TO THY SERVICE.



Dear God, I bless Thee for my pagan soul!
So may I guard thy gift of self-control.
Dear God, if I, interpreting aright,
Have gained, by Thee, some gift of second sight,
If with the eye of nature I have seen
Thy glory visioned fórth in fórests green,
Or in the purple splendour of the sea
Beheld, or félt, deep utterance of Thee,
If in each tiny life, each tender flower,
If in the stray note of each musèd hour,
In the deep friendship, or the veilèd eye,
Or the mute glance of him who passeth by
Thou speakest to me, then do I confess
To know nor sin, nor pain, nor ugliness;
And,—for the part is greater than the whole,—
Great God, I praise Thee for my pagan soul!

THE SONG OF THE BUILDERS OF THE CITY OF THE SUN.

STROPHE. What shall I sing?

ANTISTROPHE. Oh, sing of Greece,
And in the illuminating peace
Of memory wakened from dead pain
Bid her great life arise again.
Let Sophoclean voices sweep
Her soundless theatres where they keep
Long silence, let the mazèd noise
And plaudits of Athenian boys
Leap once again to life and fire;
Let your note bring the eye's desire:—
The blue clear sky, the hot sun thrown
In shining bars o'er Phidian stone,
The murmur of Hymettan bees,
The silver rede of Socrates,
The white soil and the olive bush
Of glorious Attica, her ease,
Her grace, her grandeur, and the rush
Of her great life;—Oh, sing of Greece,
And bid all other music cease.

STROPHE.

The past is past. New life, new song,
New spring shall speed my world along.
The earth, the living earth for me,
And green things budding endlessly,
And stirring fields ere yet the fire
Of spring hath paled her first desire,
And green lanes winding to the sea,
And apple buds, and minstrelsy
Of unharmed birds, 'mid boughs that twist
Their roseate blossoms through the mist
Of English orchards.—Bid me tell
Of what I love so passing well.

ANTISTROPHE.

Of what you love? Nay tune the song
To Italy, and let her strong
Orchestral loveliness reveal
The beauty we but coldly fēel.
Bid but the Tuscan garths entwine
Our brows with blossoms of her vine;
And, courtiers of her rarest days,
Sing we some Montefĕltro's praise
As round his splendid board we stand
With pipe and lute and viol in hand,
Or from some classic, crimson-bound,
Jewelled and silver-clasped, expound
An ancient tale of lore and craft
At which Boccaccio might have laughed,—
The lovelier with its treasure-trove
Of stingless death or deathless love,
Of Roman gardens, Mantuan glooms,
Of heroes, palaces, and tombs,
Of seas and sirens, stars and ships,
As fālling from Italian lips.
Bring Bice to incarnadine
The cheeks of her pale Florentine.
Or let our chorus through the dim
Warm twilight chant the vesper hymn
That sinks just as the cloister-latch
Uplifts, and breathlessly we watch
The grey robe of St. Francis pass
Across the shadowed wall!—Alas,
For all that men have dreamed! Āh me!
What lovelier music can there be?—
Sing, sing to us of Italy!
Bid through the blue of her fār skies
The golden haloed Christ arise
To stir again, who loved him so,
The soul of Fra Angelico,
So may the waking past redress
The fāult of our fŏrgetfulness.

STROPHE.

The past is past; the dead their dead!
Revive the blossom that is shed?
Can yon dead joy be disinterred?
In life my song is charactered,
In life, in life, and only here
In England at the opening year,
When with fresh joy the young pulse beats,
When in her endless youth she greets
The herald spring, as green and quick
And masterful, he stoops to prick
The sombre purple of her woods
With hesitating leaf; where moods
Of varying voice the hedgerows stir
From wakening hum to feathered fur;
Green-dreaming tendrils strive to reach
The blackthorn blossoming through the beech
Whose brown arms wait the fuller spring;
Where new come cuckoos crooning sing
Among the thickets where they hide,
By wizened oaks that lingering, chide
The soft enchantment of the sun.
England! whose April voice is one
Impassioned hymn of wakening praise!

ANTISTROPHE.

Nay, if a living song you sing,
Then wake a lustier, larger spring,
Then herald the great West with me,
Its wilder, fuller melody,
The life-compelling hopes that throng
Its pæans of Whitmanic song,
The destiny untamed as yet
Of yon mad world that seeks to set
A hazard on forgetfulness,
Staking the past, to but express
Force unknown towards an unknown goal;

The thousand changes of the soul
Of man through deep experience;
The thousand chances of the sense;
The wild antithesis that mocks
The reeling truth with paradox;
The nervous strain of twenty races;
The sensitive, quick, upturned fāces,
Type of a hundred types that shine
One in an Average divine.

STROPHE.

I sing of England, at whose fēet
In one majestic triumph meet
Future and past, of England where
Her children, heaven-blest, prepare
In pious plenitude to grace
The Treasure Temple of the race;
Of England in her aureole
Of ocean grandeur, whence the soul
Drawn fōrth by some diviner will
Of ceaseless love, is labouring still
At the great loom the Lord hath planned
To honour this His chosen land;
And of his chosen fōlk whom her
Impelling power makes minister,
Strong, silent ones that come to bless
This life with love and graciousness,
And gentle manners that equip
Her boyhood's sons with rulership;
Her of the great womb from whose throes
That wistful western Concord rose
In fūll fōrgiving heart of grace
To greet the mother of the race,
The England whence Mount Vernon sprang,
Where Eveleigh wrought, where Chaucer sang—
Ay, here beneath her solemn skies
My City of the Sun shall rise;

Here in her golden past, or far
Ahead where her Utopias are,
For hearts that feel, and souls that find
Their actual life within the mind,
The inner life yet scarce begun,
Here stands my City of the Sun!

CHORUS OF THE BUILDERS.

Comrades, our City of the Sun!
A quest unfound, a joy unwon;
Ay, here in England shall it rise
Beneath her grey and solemn skies,
Far in her golden past, or far
Ahead where her Utopias are,
For hearts that feel, and souls that find
Their inner life within the mind,
The inner life yet scarce begun,
Here stands our City of the Sun!

THE PRINCE AND THE FORESTER.

"There be some who say how unto man it is given at whiles to have two voices, the one speaking plain & common things, the other seen in the eye rather than heard; or understanded in music, in prophecy, or such like rapture. It was a voice of this note our boy prince heard that day when ranging the green woods alone he did fall in with that same forester."—From an old pastoral romance.

THE PRINCE. Who's there?

THE FORESTER. The day's greeting to you, stranger!

"The soul by some strong force hath cloven
Her instant pathway to the light!"

THE PRINCE. Stranger the like to you!

"Gem paved and domed, and strangely woven
Of moon-lit vaulting silver dight."

THE FORESTER. The sun strikes warm!

"Drawn by some inner recognition
Of far-off origins of things,"

THE PRINCE. Yes:—

"She speeds unto her first condition
With soundless unimpeded wings."

THE FRESTER. I could stay for hours watching the sun.

"Swift as the flight of thought she bears us
To one awaiting us afar,
And gloriously she prepares us
To shine where the immortals are."

THE PRINCE. What brings you to this wild place?

"The questions that we ask we answer,
For lo, in search of what she loves—"

THE FORESTER. Me? I dwell here, the trees & flowers are my brothers and sisters, and the birds and beasts of the forest my care, and—

"Ever like some swift circling dancer
The soul speeds inwards as she moves."

THE PRINCE. And what?

THE FORESTER. I know not, & if I did, I do not know you well enough to say!

THE PRINCE. Why so, I would not remain unknown?

THE FORESTER. What a strange and beautiful cloak is that you wear!

THE PRINCE. You like the embroidery? They were apt and loving fingers that fashioned it. But say, is it the splendour of my cloak that hinders your speaking to me? Will you not wear it? Let me set it on your shoulders. It looks well on you;—and now, tell me what you are searching, for you seem as one searching for something.

THE FORESTER. I—

THE PRINCE. Yes, surely you follow some quest?

THE FORESTER. In truth, I fancied I heard a voice!

THE PRINCE. A voice! I too—how strange!

THE FORESTER. A voice that,—nay I have not the words to tell you.

THE PRINCE. Oh, tell me what it said to you?

THE FORESTER. It was for me alone:—

"Oh, that the word our fancy finds us
Could tell the tongue what it hath done!"

THE PRINCE. Nay!

"Mutely rebuking, it reminds us,
I, you, the world of love are one."

THE FORESTER. Oh, that these forests of mine could interpret it: it called to me from the deeps, from the deeps, and as it called, all life grew rhythmic:—

"My forest trees were angel choirs,
In rangèd orders proud to sing
The burden of old earth's desires,
Her love, her pride, her thanksgiving.

"And in their chant the voice grew clearer,
Like evening colours in the sky,
That all enfolding yield a nearer
Illusive radiance as they die.

"The angel choirs made proclamation
Of God's humanity in me,
Life, sang they, is one celebration,
One host, one love, one mystery.

"Onward, they cried, the moment waits you,
Take and create, for now you live,
God to his purpose consecrates you,
He gave, your gift remains to give.

"I took, and of its deep desire
The soul did know itself divine,
Illumined with poetic fire,
The moment and the choice were mine."

Great, oh great is God, who hath given music to be the wings of the soul of man!

THE PRINCE. Ay, and you took your moment, for in it came I, and the voice of destiny that sang me to you, also sang you to me. To me the voice spoke of the glory & honour and splendour of life, of its triumphs and beautiful things, and of the yielding and passing of those things.

"The elders of my revelation,
Empurpled kings with orb and scroll,
Sang, 'Life is one renunciation,'
And bowed in honour to the soul.

"They sang Humanity's confession,
That honour stands to One alone,
And art and wealth and great possession
Were cast like crowns before the throne.

"And all my cities rose in chorus,
With hands uplift and hearts to heaven,
'The golden path unfolds before us,
To us the untrodden way is given!

" 'What each great age of man hath builded,
What it created, loved, believed,
Lives but by what the Spirit filled it,
And yields but what it erst received!'

"And to their chant responsive voices
Woke the long years our fathers trod,
'Old Time,' they sang, 'in us rejoices,
And younger grows, the nearer God.' "

Let the world marvel thereat, let her shake her grey locks with the joy of the music, for this day have I prophesied, for this day have I found a treasure; time cannot take from me, nor may anything created rob me of the joy of my finding. Ah me, how lovely is the earth!

BERNARD OF MORLAIX AND THE SPIRIT OF APOLLO.

THE CHANT OF THE DISTANT PRIESTS.

Miserere! Miserere!

THE SINGERS. STROPHE.

What is this I hear, my comrade, in the silence of the city far away?
Is the old world dying slowly, pitifully changing to a newer day?
Tell me, I am listening, hark, interpret—wake them from a world of things unseen
Into our sweet life, and tell me what these dark & lingering Misereres mean.

THE PRIESTS. Miserere! Miserere!

THE SINGERS. ANTISTROPHE.

Miserere, comrades of a Crucified, from far away & long ago,
They are telling, of a Christ who died for mankind, and whose heritage of woe
Mother Church must guard and cherish, yielding unremitting ward and heed,
Or the world be lost, the generations perish, anchorless, without a creed.

THE PRIESTS. Miserere! Miserere!

STROPHE. Do they sing the soul, my comrade, that the Christ I love once came on earth to save?

ANTISTROPHE. If the soul be symboled in the storéd treasures Mother Church her children gave!

STROPHE. Do they sing the soul, my comrade, that hath made me what I know I am, divine?

ANTISTROPHE. If the soul be dead, and sanctified, and throned and jewelled in the shrine.

THE PRIESTS. Miserere!

STROPHE. What is it they call, my comrade, in their burden of old sorrows,—hush, 'tis strange!

ANTISTROPHE. Meaningless! some old world warning lost in long ago in life, in time, in change.

THE PRIESTS. Miserere! Miserere!

THE VOICE OF THE PREACHER.

Ye write my Gospels in gold on purple of Pergamentum, & ye leave my poor standing at the gate—!

STROPHE. Sure the gospel gifts are given unto them that do fulfil the life they live:—

ANTISTROPHE. And for the poor, the poor are they who know to love—and loving, know the way to give.

STROPHE. Nay, but shall the earth receive them, shall the gloom-like God they call to heed their prayers?

ANTISTROPHE. Yea, if love be not immortal, nor our God of life and light the same as theirs!

THE VOICE OF THE PREACHER.

The lily crown imperial bows her head in constant sorrow of the Passion, but the perfumèd pride & splendour of your gardens stands an everlasting protest to your God!

THE PRIESTS. Miserere!

STROPHE. Nay, our God has given the rose and lillied gardens, in which once his dear feet trod.

ANTISTROPHE. Hush! and mark the strange, wild invocation that they hymn in pleading to their God!

THE PRIESTS. Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus!

STROPHE. Nay, but your God who has lived in the beauty of earth shall redeem us;

THE PRIESTS. Ecce minaciter, imminet arbiter, ille supremus!

ANTISTROPHE. Is he so stern and implacable but for our sin to esteem us?

THE PRIESTS. Imminet, imminet, ut mala terminet aequa coronet,—

STROPHE. Whom shall he crown, but his sons who have loved him and glory to own it?

THE PRIESTS. Recta remuneret, anxia liberet, aethera donet.

ANTISTROPHE. Or whom reward but the children that live by his rule and have shown it?

THE PRIESTS. Aufĕrat aspera, duraque, pondera mentis onustae:—

STROPHE. Freed shall the soul be that's honest and stalwart, self-centred and trusty!

THE PRIESTS. Sobria muniat, improba puniat, utraque justae.

ANTISTROPHE. Justice abideth and just is His law, as it moveth so must He.

THE PRIESTS. Miserere! Miserere!

STROPHE. Once again, what is the sorrow, that they call to us from their remoter time?

ANTISTROPHE. Sorrow lost, fŏrgotten, comrade, merely meant to muse on in some stretchèd rhyme—

STROPHE. Nay, hush!

THE VOICE OF THE PREACHER.

The heathen are come into mine inheritance, my temple have they defiled, my city have they made an heap of stones —and yet ye sing!

THE PRIESTS. Miserere!

CHORUS.

And yet we sing, as we have sung
Through three thousand years of time!
Earth's green woodnotes, madly flung
From the spring's pipe, for us, the young,
For us, who live the life;—who love.
Honour be to him above,
Him of the golden pipe, sublime
Of heavenly music, wreathed and strung,
With the sweetest flowers of spring,
Dropping honey; hear us sing!
So shall your sere thought grow dim,
For we have lived the life of Greece,
We have known the love of Him—
This Christ of yours and ours—who gave
His life for them He came to save.
Bid your Misereres cease,
Bid your mourning chants have done.
We chant here a fúller close:—
Your God and ours made the rose,
Your God and ours gave the sun.

THE CLOCK OF ST. MARY'S IN WHITECHAPEL: AN IMPRESSION IN RHYME OF THE INVERTED CITY.

SWIFT rattle, storm, rattle, steam, rattle and jog,
And the clock of St. Mary's swings high in the fōg.
Dusk!
The cold stormy dusk of a misty unrest
Sits and broods in a blood red mist over the west,
And the dream of a day done and ever begun
Frets on as the gas jets spring up one by one.
A dream;—nay, a fierce sense of red fācts that gleam,
Danger lights, flying out through the fōg's shifting stream.
The horse, hot with steam, trotting slow by the flags,
The traffic's dark seam, and the stench, and the rags;
The scream of the match boy, the yelp of the dog,
And the clock of St. Mary's up high in the fōg.

Swift rattle, steam, rattle, storm, rattle and jog,
And the clock of St. Mary's up there in the fōg,
And down here a life!—did we once see the sky?
Or are trees, clouds, and sunlight things lost and gone by?
The clang of the asphalte, the swift swarmy noise,
The trill of the organ, the whistling of boys,
The curse, and the wanton's lewd call as it serves
To grate on the cultured philanthropist's nerves,
The gush of the parson, the cant of the pew,
The dead hymn, the thick nasal twang of the Jew,
The horseplay, the brawl, the clay pipe, and the chance
Of a dance, aproned elbows that itch for a dance
In the gutter, the alley of hot, human breath;
It brings back old teachings,—old dances of death.

Steam, rattle, storm, rattle, swift rattle and jog,
And the clock of St. Mary's vibrates in the fōg.
Can they see, can they fēel, are they mouthless, inert?
Must the light ever trail over long leagues of dirt?

Dumb, dumb, in the midst of this great Babel, dumb,—
Yet the cry of all time is, they come, still they come.
Try thou in the storm stress, and I will and I,
Many try for the light,—still they come, is the cry.
To what end, to what end,—were the spirit let free,
Is it birth throes of something organic to be,
Or the numb, rotting blight of a cancer that breeds
On dumb ugliness, bleeds as it grows, as it feeds?
Speed, rattle, steam, rattle, storm, rattle and jog,
And St. Mary's clock orange and red in the fog!

I watched in the gathering grey of the night
A lad yearn with large straining eyes for the light,
And I felt the dim glory of past ages swim
Like a dark phantom closing and winding round him.
Men are born to imagine; then let the soul free
To spell out the sense of its own mystery.
Movement, movement, emotion, movement, movement, & strife,
On an ocean of death the contortions of life!
Moods, moods and emotion, moods, moods, and the sense
Of a great power smitten with impotence!
And God, as he broods o'er the worlds, and exudes
Vivid phantoms of thought, is he conscious of moods?
Our God of the churches, who once made the sun,
The sweet stars, is he conscious of what he has done?
The strange and the spectral, they choke and they clog;
And the clock of St. Mary's swings high in the fog.

Hawk the cheap, spume and palaver, Christian and Jew,
Invent fume and fury to drive the soul through;
Should your storm tramp be madness, your progress be blind,
You cannot unrivet the greaves of the mind;
They live still, those old solemn myths of the past,
Of the curse of the Furies swift winged on the blast,

Pandora controls your gyrations of stocks,
And Charon keeps watch at the gate of your docks,
Your leaders wail fŏrth from the Serbonian bog,
And the clock of St. Mary's swings high in the fŏg.

Beat of fēet, beat of fēet, still the thousands jog past,
Clerk, convict and labourer, cad and outcast;
Beat of fēet, beat of fēet, and the clock up on high
Lights the slush grey and gold as the thousands speed by;
Beat of fēet, beat of fēet, and the whole race grows blind,
A mere scar of red thought seared & stamped on the mind.
God, God is in all things, for God is in man,
Then smite you the fāce of the Christ if you can;
The over-soul, star-clothed, shall yet ride the storm
In power and in speed and in splendour of fŏrm.
It fīres the express as it breaks through the night
Like an arrow of flame in its fūry of flight,
It spins with the lamp down the shaft of the mine,
And the ironclad bears it along through the brine,
The whirl of its thunder is borne on the brain
In the fierce red-lit underground storm of the train,
In the silver-streaked tram rails it fādes as they bend
On their long trailing curve by the booths of Mile End,
In the violet light of the vanishing tram,
In man's soul crying mist-bound, I am that I am.

SONG OF THE CITY OF THE FOUNDRESS: A THANKSGIVING.

FORTH from a gloom of fōg and rain
And outer darkness all undone,
Joyous I fōund me once again
Within my City of the Sun:
A city of old ages gone,
Where yet all-glorious youth lived on.
And passing by her ancient ways,
Her streets and halls and belfrĭed towers,
She called of me a hymn of praise
For her illumined book of hours;
"God's in my City of the Sun"
I muttered, moving with the throng,
"And of this glory I am one,
Oh I belong, oh I belong!"

Then in mine inward thanksgiving
For all the beauty that was mine
Merely for seeing, there took wing
A thought, that in the love divine
Of her who set my city here,
Some inner prescience lurked of me,
Some thought, some half-disguisèd sense,—
Dear lady, sweet premonitress,—
That I, even I was harbinger
Of a most intimate reverence:
For all was mine, and mine the song,
Mine and my City's—"I belong!"

Thus was I singing as I went
Through my Sun City's intimate ways,
Feeling her presence at my side
In deathless stone identifĭed,
Responsive to a thousand lays
Of love from long dead ages sent,

That love which set my City here,
That love she holds so passing dear,
That love which in her terraces
And traceried towers my City sings,
That swelled the hopes of foundresses
Or graced the saintliest gifts of kings,—
That love 'twas mine again to give,
Deep garnered from historic song,
And I will yield it while I live,
"For I belong! oh I belong!"

And I will yield her gratitude,
City and foundress side by side,
In royal stone identified!
In life, and love, and speech, and mood
Of reverence, yield her gratitude;
Grateful I am, but more for this,
Our lady foundress woke in me,—
Dear lady, sweet premonitress!—
That by mere rapturous living bliss,
O'er each receding century
My pious answer may be said,
For what the heart would needs express,
To her request, so simply given,
She askèd prayers for the dead,—
And I?—I realise her heaven!

Merely for prayers? Nay, I'll give more,
Lady, give everything, give this,—
Give by mere rapturous living bliss,
Joy of mere life in thanksgiving.
For what diviner joy were thine
Than this deep gratitude of men?
Such gratitude of love is mine,
Kissed, crowned, and sanctified in song!
Take, lady foundress, what I bring,
Hear, lady foundress, hear me sing,
"How I belong, I too belong!"

DIE EINE BÜSSERIN: Vergönne mir, ihn zu belehren!
Noch blendet ihn der neue Tag.
MATER GLORIOSA: Komm! hebe dich zu höhern Sphären!
Wenn er dich ahnet folgt er nach.
—Goethe's Faust, Part II.

WE have heard our mothers singing of a sorrow that was theirs,
That was sung with tears & kisses, & was sanctified with prayers,
In the golden fields of childhood, where the grass was green and young,
And they deemed we never heard them, nor we knew not what was sung,
As we plucked the yellow buttercups for crowns.

And they told us in their singing of a knowledge that was theirs,
Of a knowledge whence they knew not, & that led them unawares
To a bourne of dim perceptions, where realities were dreams,
And discernment woke discernment, as the soul through magic streams
Found her moonlit way of strange and infinite light.

Ay, our mothers understood, and the kiss that brought us light,
Wakened memory through the silence of the great unconscious night,
It came to us as the music that an unseen Ariel spins,
Like the quick far-off pulsations of crisp lutes and violins,
And we heard it in the cradle land of thought.

We have heard the maidens singing as they blew us kiss for kiss,
And a passionate desire woke to momentary bliss,
To a bliss with wings of saffron that would crumple at a touch,
To a love whose consummation was the loving overmuch,
And the laughing hours brought centuries of tears.

We have heard and we have pitied, & have passed on by the way,
For a man still seeks the God who guides or kills him; but ye may,
Ye, whose is a holier knowledge, reap from out the seed we sow,
Life and birth and pain & passion; yours the sorrow is to know.
Yours the bitter song of Margaret at her wheel.

We have heard the old wives crooning of a sorrow they had known,
O'er their needles as they knitted by the fireside all alone,
Such a strange & desolate sorrow that they nursed & ever nursed,
Nor would ever yield for asking, as a cup to them that thirst,
In the which one clinging drop alone remains.

We have sought to take it from them, begged to share the sacrifice,
Knelt in prayer to kiss away the tears from their disconsolate eyes,
But they would not, and they merely gave us as a passing dole,
Love of that deep understanding that illuminates the soul:
Theirs the sorrow, theirs the triumph, theirs the crown!

LACHRYMAE.

LISTEN, dear, & catch the motive of the music in between,
While I chant a psalm of sorrow on such things as are unseen,
Tender music, soft, insistent, straining out of long ago,
Clear sad echoes of dead passions in its plaintive tremolo:
Mark the red reflective langour of the roses over rife
As they droop & pining heave the sigh of their perfumèd life.
Could I rouse, arrest, inspire them with my 'lacrymae pavan'
It were but to tell the deathless sorrow of the soul of man:—
Love and beauty still fulfilling, love & beauty unfulfilled,
Is her perfume reminiscent of the mere red rose distilled?
Love & beauty, shall the wail of yon old melodies enhance
Nothing but the trodden echoes of Elizabethan dance?
Love & beauty, could believing merely yield me once more these,
I would wake the Attic theatre with the song of Sophocles;
I would call the benediction of the God of martyrs down,
As I toiled with Canterbury pilgrims up to Becket's crown.
But the shrine is sacked & broken, for we pass from God to God,
And an awful silence is where once the strong Cothurnus trod,
And the rose has yielded up her perfume as she glowed to death,
And a muffled sorrow haunts the strains of great Elizabeth.
Yet I mind the Bible burden, how the temporal is naught,
And the unseen is eternal, and eternal human thought,
What the thought of man can fashion & the soul of man descry,
Lives by its own love & beauty, love and beauty cannot die.
Love & beauty, ever striving, straining, searching, unassuaged,
Till the dear dead past is buried, & the world is cold and aged,
And the last of passion sounded, and the last of music sung,
And in the diviner Godhead once again the whole grows young.

THRENODY.

STROPHE. Fallen is the king of verse,
Perished is the gift of song,
The Prophecy is turned to curse
That sped life's golden dream along.

ANTISTROPHE. Oh, golden dream!
Whose fancy filled us!
Oh, glorious theme
Whose tenderest thought heroic thrilled us,
Numbered thou art among the great gifts lost!

II.

STROPHE. Dear my reminiscence tossed
On a sea of bitter thought,
That once in sumptuous triumph crossed
With hope's abundance deeply fraught.

ANTISTROPHE. Oh, perished dream!
To black night wedded!
Oh, faded theme,
Each bright particular bead unshredded,
Scattered among the things that never may return!

III.

STROPHE. Burn the record, angels, burn
What triumphant ye proclaimed,
Poor man hath no more need to learn
Whom erst your gospel gifts enflamed.

ANTISTROPHE. Oh, dreary dream!
Let be forgotten!
Oh, weary theme,
And starveling man grown dull, besotten
With his deep draught of actual things—a slave!

IV.

STROPHE. God to man his honour gave,
Gave the honour to create,
And Utopian fancies drave
Beggared un-thought from the gate.

ANTISTROPHE. Oh, happy dream!
Mere dream! depart thou!
Alas, poor theme
No longer nurturesome, where art thou,
God-given honour of the human mind?

V.

STROPHE. Cities sunken, leaders blind,
Hope all strook with bitterness,
The unborn age alone to find
A heritage of littleness.

ANTISTROPHE. Oh, golden dream!
To mocking laughter;
Oh, glorious theme,
To hackneyed trumpeting turned and what comes after:—
Heroless life, despair, and unbelief.

VI.

STROPHE. Cynic sorrow, callous grief,
Inspiration lost at last,
Oh, for the music, for the brief
Rapturous music of the past!

ANTISTROPHE. Oh, for the dream
Heaven hath bereft us!
The glorious theme,
The love, of which no living love is left us,
To ease the bitter pain of life—ah woe!

VII.

STROPHE. One by one will each hope go,
Withering down the course of time,
No new seed be there to sow,
No new chance for the young year's prime.

ANTISTROPHE. No fresh crowned dream
Emerging royal,
No last least theme!
Man's soul hath sinned, unto itself disloyal,
A sin the avenging years alone shall purge!

CHORUS.

Alas! sing the dirge!
Sing the dirge!
Done is the dream, we end where we begin,
Crumbles the vault, the glorious pile falls in,
Cold wails the wind, the dust that once woke thought
Now blinds forgetfully, the war is fought
And lost, alas! woe's me, while over all
The thin sere grass spreads its eternal pall.
Alas! sing the dirge!
Sing the dirge!

TWIN STARS OF HAPPINESS.

HONOUR be to them above—
"To the Phoenix and the Dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love!"

Thus with far prophetic voice
Once the poet bade rejoice
Those who, like as you and me,
Dared into the future see;
See how sacrifice was sent
Us for our ennoblement.

There's no miracle but such
As the immortal soul can read
With the eye, the heart, the touch,
Spoken word, perfected deed.

There's no miracle but life,
Led so it the soul can see,
Cutting keenly as a knife
That doth prune to guard the tree.

There's no miracle but love,
Here fulfilled for you and me.
Honour then to them above—
"To the Phoenix and the Dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love!"

Now I understand it all!
All this voided life is clear
As a gem unflawed and rare,
All these blossoms of the bier
Speak of life fulfilled elsewhere.

Not a blossom but awaits
In the beauty it hath shed,
Life which the eternal fātes
Have in silence garnerèd;

In the silence that creates,
In that outer silence void
Of all human thought or deed,
But which we poor mortals touch
In our dreams the least alloyed,
In the hour of utmost need,
In the moment most enjoyed,
Ere it be enjoyed too much.

Then jubilance of soul in song!
Io triumphale call!
Now I understand it all,
Beauty lovèd, doubted long,
Long neglected, long desirèd,
Lost, suspected, but now tirèd
In these flaming robes of death,
Gloriously encompasseth
Our new life, our hope, our all.

Beauty, the mark imperial,
Is the sign to every eye
Of man's immortality!

OLD BELIEF.

LEAVE some love for Old Belief,
There's purpose in the garnered sheaf
And beauty in the fallen leaf,
Old Belief, Old Belief,
Leave some love for Old Belief,
Treasure some trifling sigh of grief
For what you prized in Old Belief!

The tangled truths of human science,
The historian's fact, the poet's ruth,
May light us from divine defiance
Unto diviner self-reliance
And sterner questionings of truth.
Yet Old Belief, Old Belief,
The wistfulness of Old Belief!

They filched away our world for ever,
It vanished as they laughed,—or wise,
Bade us distinguish, sift and sever,
'Twixt fact assumed and strong endeavour.
Yea, though the new thought strike the skies,
Is it all honour to the thief
Who filches from us Old Belief?

Dear myths a thousand times retold,
The pathos of a heavenly plan,
Whose passionate inspirations fold
The human heart in wefts of gold,
And fashion to all time a man!
Shall we forget?—nay, spare some brief
And passing thought for Old Belief.

Child of the future, you can spy
Perchance some other recompense,
You've neither gained nor lost as I,
You've no old wonder-world to die!
Perchance you've gained a holier sense.
Then treasure some trifling sigh of grief
For what you've lost in Old Belief!

BEETHOVEN IN OLYMPUS.

I DREAMED that in a garden once I lay,
Where three strange women garlanded with vine,
Rose, and woodbine, and trellissed from the sun,
On pipe and lute and viol played to me;
And as they played, the music of all time
Woke in my soul; and great grey poppies flung
Their spell about me, and the gates stood clear
Of ivory cities, such as men pass through
Who seek the infinite, their domes of glass
Translucent, purple, and their gilded vanes
Reflecting light from light. Then at the call
Of one deep chord the dreaming whole awoke;
Voices, and strings, and wind made melody,
And sound there was of myriad instruments
Cunningly fingered, moving to some law
In one triumphant expectation, till
Unto the measure of all form, the old
Deaf master called, when all once more was mute.

IL PENTACORDO DEL ANIMA.

I. THE AWAKENING.

I LOVED you long and you responded
With joyous tenderness of trust,
And yet you deemed your love but bonded
In what was helpful, wise, and just.

The spring shower's kiss that scarce endures
The green response it just allures
Was not more passionless than yours.

Then came a moment, God! as when
Creation realises good,
A mystic rush of many wings,
The striking of a thousand strings
Upon the heart; strange powerful things

Sudden made manifest;
A holier mood,
A truth expressed,
A riddle rapturously guessed,
And as you pressed
Your lips to mine with kisses, then,
Oh then you understood!

THE RECOLLECTION.

YOU held no hostage for affection,
You gave me all, are giving yet;
Then let's grow wise in recollection,
And may a callous world forget.

Come read, and treasure line for line
The Phaedrus, with its sense divine,
And reading, lock your hand in mine.

The recollection of a goal
Once gained by those who forged the steel
Of human passion into thought,
Their goal is ours, and what they taught
The echo of our love has caught.

And comrade, you and I
May set the seal
Of certainty
On what they bade us deify,
When borne on high
By those winged horses of the soul
We most intensely feel.

THE INNER UNDERSTANDING.

WHAT lyric of a sweet confession
Is this 'twixt you and me ordained,
That finds its holiest expression
In such a height of love attained?

Yours! seated by the winter fire
You whispered through the dear desire
Of worlds to which we'd both aspire.

Yours! warning we'd love overmuch,
If love unflinchingly received
Dwelt only on its own excess,
And left the seer visionless,
Missing the mood it meant to bless.

Comrade, your keener sight
Attained, retrieved,
Pierced through the night
Unto a day more surely bright:
It was your light
Of fine reserve, beaconed to such
A height of love achieved.

THE HUMAN ADMONITION.

FORGIVE my fōolishness of praise,
But searching in the innermost
Among the heart's most intimate ways
My search grew clear for what was lost.

Now have I plummed the deeps of thought,
Now plumming fōund the thing I sought,—
Your spirit, gloriously frāught

With that deep joy by which we live;
Now every moment wakes to raise
Its solace of sweet thanksgivings,
And every instant thought takes wings
Through aery light, and soaring sings;

Joy, joy so fūll, and yet
So fūgitive.
Lest we forget
The aim toward which our souls are set,
The hour they met,
Receive, dear frīend, and yet fōrgive
My fōolishness of praise.

THE SPIRITUAL PROGRESS.

WE'VE started on a quest together
Whose glorious purpose dare not fail,
For no diviner tie could tether
Twin spirits searching toward their grail.

I'll not forget, though years between
May hide the eternal, the unseen,
Our love shall stand for what has been:

A light set in some silver sconce,
With votive reverence finely done,
A firmer light than thought or science,
Betokening a true affiance,
Admonishing our self-reliance.

Galahad charged with sin
And taunted dunce
Yet staked to win.
When sorrows come, when cares begin,
When doubt creeps in,—
Comrade, remember still how once
Our hands and lips were one!

TO AFRICA.

TO AFRICA.

I CROSSED beneath the southern stars
That wind the circle of the sun,
And nightly watched the web they spun
About the setting fire of Mars.

The look-out watch was at the prow,
Bathed in a golden light, his face
Touched with the red illusive race
That fires the tropic afterglow.

Flashed for a moment o'er the swell
Of far-off seas, to vanish thence,—
The glory changed,—to one intense
Blue silence, imperturbable.

Dogged and wistful was the gaze
That shone from out his watchful eyes,
Blue to the light of northern skies,
Careful of signs, of men, of ways,

Sun-tanned through wind and open sea,
Spirit of wayward moods and lives,
Seeing thy gospel still survives,
Give of thy strength to such as me!

And as we passed in silence through
Fair weather seas, the stars rose clear,
To us a centred moving sphere
Horizoned in a line of blue.

My thoughts did search the myriad light
Of those wise stars inscrutable,
I know not why, for hedge and dell
And English nooks of aconite.

Beauty will guide the heart to sing—
There came a thousand scarce defined
Dear homely things left far behind,
Green glories of the English spring;

There came the thrush, the venturous bee,
The cuckoo of the warm caress,—
Spirit of life and loveliness,
Give wise discernment unto me!

The magnet draws, the pole compels,
Guided by some diviner plan,
What is it speeds the soul of man
Through all that thought or hope foretells?

Still driven on from main to main,
Then drawn to what it loves the best,
Or anchored for a moment's rest,
And on to unknown worlds again.

Driven by what force,—can the tongue tell
That only speaks the words of grace?
Poor words! quite cold and out of place—
How shall it know that all is well?

Drawn by what love,—can fancy cull
What's far within the flower's dress,
Some constant star of righteousness
Inestimably beautiful.

Some constant soul of good that seeks
Unhesitatingly the light,
Some glorious gift of second sight
That like the silent godhead speaks.

Speaks silence,—and there came to me
Strange thought of what we strive to know,
Of this and that and long ago,
And the deep wisdom of the sea;

Of the great longing of the soul,
Of them that loved, of them that strove,
Of old Sir Francis, how he clove
Dogged and wistful to his goal;

Who coming to the stormy cape
Did find a lying record there,
Of how he laughed at false despair
And gave lost hope a grander shape;

Of them that wandered wide and far
To fields of diamond and gold,
Of what they bartered, lost and sold,
Staking their all for Africa.

The look-out watch is at the prow,
And as he gazes toward the deep,
Seeing the things that never sleep,
Instinctive solves the eternal Now.

For it is there to bless or save,
In what we hardly see or feel,
Some flying fish before the keel,
Some phosphor light upon the wave,—

And as he turns his head, there comes
A look of all life welling forth,
Notes Venus blazing to the North,
Laughs to himself and softly hums.

Sure in the magic of a nod,
The cheek's half turn, the hidden smile,
We halt and quit the world a while,
And come that instant nearer God.

Great mother of a race to be,
Thou of the rolling purple, crowned
In far-eyed silences profound,
Thy veldt is like the English sea!

Great mother of new dream and thought,
What if they gave their souls or toss'd
Their best for stakes, or gained or lost?
'Twas not for naught, not all for naught!

I too have seen the sugar-bloom,
Red bergamot rise ring on ring,
Or poised in twisted russet, swing
The scarlet flaming Kaffir-boom;

Or spied across peach blossom sand,
Spell-woven, as in some curious rune,
The sinking opalescent moon
Kiss the cold morning of the Rand;

The pale quartz glitter of the Rand,
Ay, and the eucalyptus green
Shaftlike in shredded state, a queen
For us that know and understand!

Ay, or half heard the ceaseless roar
'Mid fading twinkling starlight lamps,
The thunder of the thousand stamps
Like breakers on a distant shore.

What were there left for men to do,
If we could read and understand,
And could, all motive grasped, command
A key to life and beauty too?

If squandering the gift of youth
In search of an illusive key,
We stumbled unexpectedly
Upon the greater gift of truth?

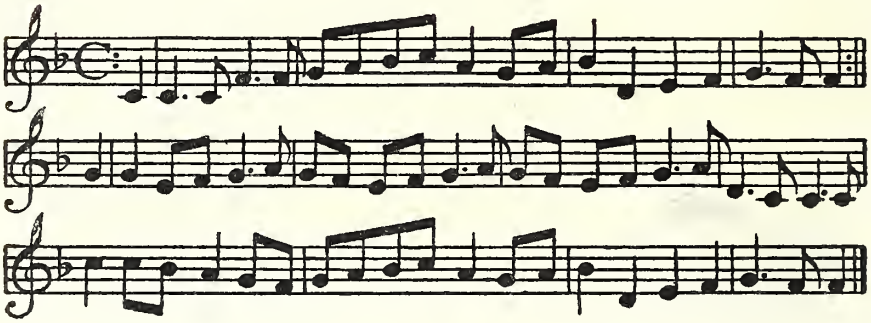
Wait in the silence, that were best:
The quarter strikes, once more I catch
An echo from the look-out watch,
An index of the greater quest,

As, answering the swinging bell,
He calls the night, and calls to me,
Far on across the silent sea,
His leisured, long drawn-out "All's well."

THE FOLLOWING SIX SONGS HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AND SHOULD BE READ OR SUNG TO THE RHYTHM OF THE MUSIC IN EACH CASE GIVEN.

SOME-DAY-TIME.

Air: 'When the King enjoys his own again.'



As once among the poppies white I lay,
A strange wise woman came by that way;
Her robe it was of the woodland green,
Her girdle was bossed with silver sheen.
She sat her a-down upon the ground,
And from her book she conned a rhyme;
"Oh, hearken!" said she, "and I'll prophesy to thee
What things shall happen in some-day-time."

"Whatever fŏlk have dreamed of good,
Or wise men darkly understood,
Or poets dimly have fŏretold,
Or seers seen in days of old,
Each painted page of a dear desirèd age,
Like storèd scent of lavender and rose and lime,
Shall open to the sun and its promise shall be won
In the things that may happen in some-day-time.

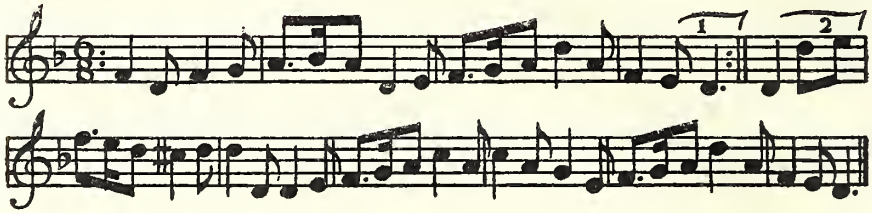
"This girdle round my waist," quoth she,
"Is a token of what things may be;
For every link of silver there
Is wrought with leisure, love, and care.
Care in the work that nobody shall shirk,
And leisure that is rung in the belfry chime;
And joy unto men who shall waken once again
To the things that may happen in some-day-time.

"Then clad like me in the woodland green
Shall England once more stand a queen;
Her towns like carven jewels rise,
Her streams again reflect the skies.
Royally dight for honour and delight,
She shall cast aside her mantle of toil and grime;
This book upon her knees, she shall greet the seven seas
With the things that may happen in some-day-time."

Said I: "Oh, may I be your knight?
Oh, may I touch your girdle bright?
Oh, may I kiss your robe of woodland green?
Oh, may I read those leaves between?"
"Ah, no!" said she "that may not be,
The world must win on a reasoned rhyme"—
And 'mid the poppies white she vanished from my sight.
Such things do happen in some-day-time.

KINGS AND QUEENS.

Air: 'Courtiers, Courtiers.' 1686.



Kings and Queens have been carried to rest,
  Or come to be crowned on Thorney eye,
Where once the ladder of angels blest
  The King Confessor's offering high.
Could the King Confessor prophesy
As he sat a dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,
As he sat a dreaming on Thorney eye?

Came the Conqueror stark and strong
  With fury and flame throughout the land,
Norman stone and Angevin song
  Honoured the deeds of his red right hand.
And the rede that he taught he taught us well,
As those that did fear him, fear him, fear him,
Those that did fear him once could tell.

Kings and Queens may come and may go,
  Greatest are those bring love and law:—
To Edward the lawgiver Englishmen owe
  The justice that holds the world in awe,
And to Elinor manners and majesty,—
To Elinor lady, lady, lady,
Lady of love and chivalry.

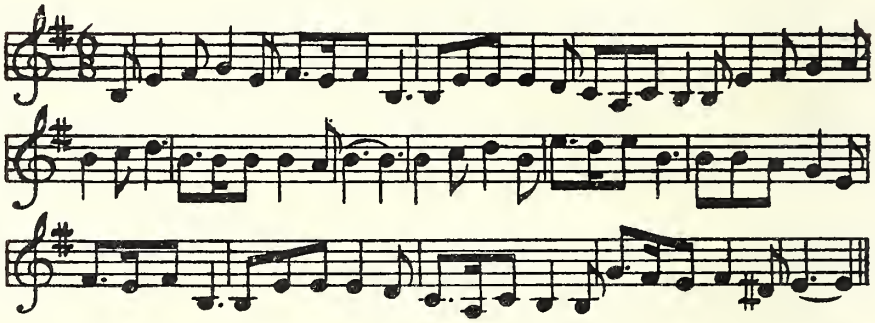
Brave and gentle, splendid and young,
  The Agincourt hero next along,
Harry the Fifth his peers among
  Rides on in triumph of chant and song,
With the Cross of St. George and the English rose,
As he that hath heard it, heard it, heard it,
Heard it of Shakespeare surely knows.

Comes with pomp of pageant and play
  She who was born, with joy to bless,
Like perfumed light on a midsummer day,
  Her island England, good Queen Bess:
And her poets they yield her their crownèd bays,
As they fŏllow her singing, singing, singing,
Singing a pæan of English praise.

Kings and Queens may come and may go,
  Folk may grow fickle and nations old,
Last who rode in the royal show
  Was she whose fāme shall not grow cold:
For honesty, honour, and truth don't die,
As we that have known her, known her, known her,
We that have known will testify.

THE OLD COURT HOUSE AT LONG CRENDON.

A Buckinghamshire Medley, written for C. D.
Air: "Crockamy Daisy Kitty Alone." 1611.



Came Kate the Queen long ages away,
  Up in the Court House high on the Hill,
Her knights, her squires, her ladies gay,
  Under the Chestnut bough.
Tapestried walls a wonder to weave,
Rustle of silk in wimple and sleeve,
Passed as a dream on a midsummer eve—
  And we by the ingle now!

Oh! passed as a dream, or the quaff from a glass;
  Up in the Court House high on the Hill,
Aye, passed as a Tune, as all shall pass;
  Under the Chestnut bough.
As the plums we set, or the lawn that we laid,
Or the perfumed limes that yielded us shade,
Or the twisted rose and the arches it made—
  Or we by the ingle now.

Have ye thought of the loom or the lessening spool?
  Up in the Court House high on the Hill,
Where once they gathered the balèd wool,
  Under the Chestnut bough.

Clink of scales and lading of wains,
Chaffer of staplers, counting of gains,
Pride and pomp of velvet and chains—
  And we by the ingle now.

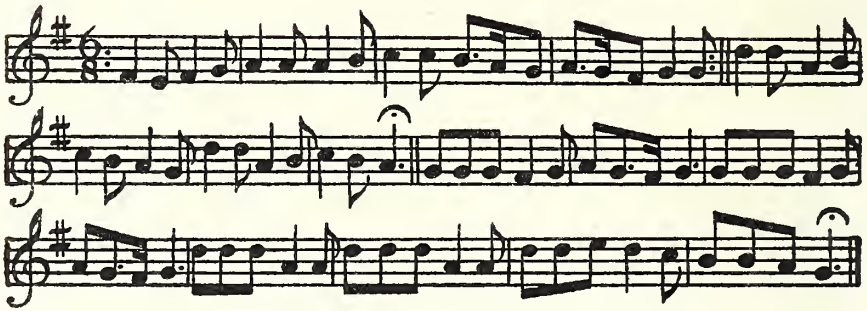
Have ye seen the flood aswirl on the Thame,
  Up from the Court House high on the Hill,
Or the witches leap in the lightening flame,
  Under the Chestnut bough?
Have ye seen the rift where the willow tree stood?
And the thornèd bullock's heart dripping with blood,
As the white man of Notley rides in the wood—
  And we by the ingle now?

You asked a song—I fashioned you these
  Up in the Court House high on the Hill.
Verses I learned of the Crendon bees,
  Under the Chestnut bough.
They're part of the dream and the drowse of it all,
The love and the light and the yellow-bill's call,
The flowers, and the scents, and the gray church wall—
  And we by the ingle now!

Oh! sweet the tales they eerily tell,
  Up in the Court House high on the Hill:
To rest and sup after work is well,
  Under the Chestnut bough.
Good are the gifts the summer nights bring,
Or the songs with the old-world far-away swing,
But best is the fellowship gathered to sing
  Here by the ingle now.

THE GOLDEN STREAM.

Air: 'Row Well ye Mariners.'
1603.



Down the golden stream, as the morn
With misty eyes wakes wild and new,
And the yellow cowslip lifts a horn
The tender night has stored with dew,
And the tent is struck and the boat swings free
To the songs best loved by you and me.

Cherish the old and love the true,
Do as thy right hand findeth to do—
Do as thy right hand findeth to do—
And earth shall be fair for me and for you.

Down the golden stream of time
Dance the shadows laughing, leaping;
Upward hourly bent to climb
His cloudy stair the sun is creeping;
As, with the songs we love, the noon
Hath overtaken us all too soon.

Cherish the old, &c.

Down the golden stream we pass,
  Tower, and church, and hall, and town,
As a misty dream in a sphere of glass
  For a moment seen ere the light dips down;
And ever the songs we love to sing
Fly free in the wind as birds on the wing.

  Cherish the old and love the true,
  Do as thy right hand findeth to do—
  Do as thy right hand findeth to do—
  And earth shall be fair for me and for you.

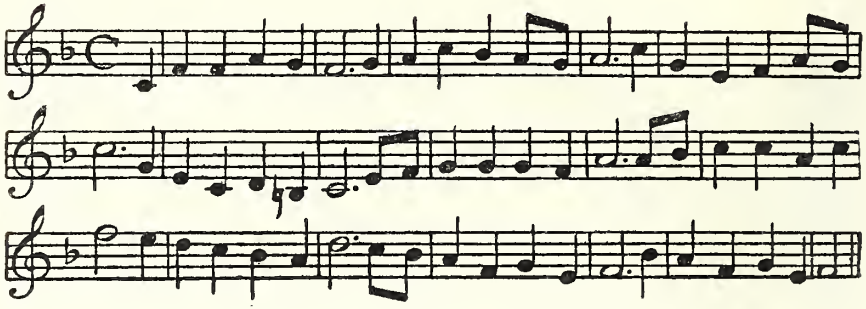
Down the golden stream, as the red
  Last light is seen of the sunken sun,
And the camp fire nods to a fair day sped,
  And the silent stars wake one by one—
Then, with the songs that we love best,
Sing we the weary world to rest.

  Cherish the old and love the true,
  Do as thy right hand findeth to do—
  Do as thy right hand findeth to do—
  And earth shall be fair for me and for you.

SEVERN SIDE.

Written for L. H.

Air: 'A Farmer's Son so Sweet.' Late 18th century.



A giant of old time
  Lost all his strength and pride,
Till, says an ancient rhyme,
  He touched his mountain side.
Then his strength came back to him,
New-nerved in every limb,
And he stood all taut and trim
  As an oak on Severn side,
  Way down by Severn side.

I dreamed this dream one day
  As waking lonely I lay,
And London-town all round
  Spread wide her nightmare grey;
When through my dream called he,
  And the grim grey pall unwound
For the dream clouds to divide,
And I walked by Severn side,
Way down by Severn side.

Then silent through my dream
Flowed far her silvery stream
  My wild Welsh hills among
  That gave me life and song.
There was joy and light and power,
There was glory in each flower,
  There were all things fresh and young
Where I stood by Severn side,
Way down by Severn side.

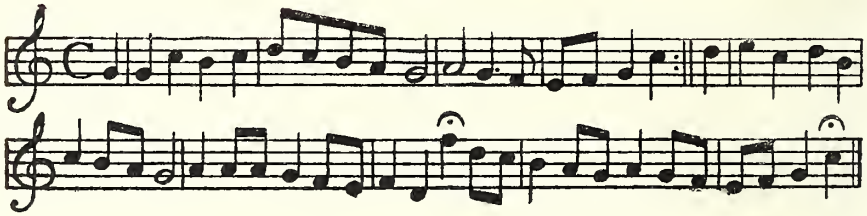
Her swarm of birds I've seen:
  The wild white indolent swan,
The moor hen hid in green,
  The heron grey and wan;
I've the burnished kingfisher spied,
  Through a haze of golden skies
  In swift blue rings he flies,
By the reeds of Severn side,
Way down by Severn side.

But here be grim grey walls,
  Dark days and no summer sun,
  A task that's never done,
  An end that's never won.
Still my old time giant calls,
  And to this call I've cried:
  "Let me be not denied,
  Bring me back to Severn side.
  Way down by Severn side."

THE MASTER CRAFTSMAN'S SONG.

To his memory. Written for S. C.

Air: 'To All You Ladies.' 1664.



They came to my 'prentice one summer eve,
In a world with the weight of things oppprest,
And they said: "Let us labour and make believe,
For loveless toil is toil that is blest;
Here's a block to cut, and a skein to reive,
A glass to tint, and a web to weave."
But he asked: "Shall I weave if the colour flies?"
"What matter? The world is attuned to lies!"

Chorus. What would you have my 'prentice do?
Why, do as the master craftsman did!
For the master craftsman wove it true.

They brought him a book with a famous name,
Puffed and postered in letters of flame,
With paper that rent and type that curled—
And a circulation all over the world.

And they said to my 'prentice: "Print this lie—
'Tis the work of a master, it cannot die."
And he asked: "Is it worthy the master's name?"
"Oh print it, print it, all the same!"

Chorus. What would you have, &c.
For the master craftsman printed it true.

They showed him a church he had never seen,
In an English valley of flowers and green,
With a storied arcade, and a belfried spire,
And carven heroes at rest in the choir.
And they said to my 'prentice: "Here's to do,
Make it more like what it ought to have been."
And he asked: "Which age shall I fashion it to?
A lie is a lie, be it old or new!"

Chorus. What would you have, &c.
For the master craftsman left it true.

They came to my 'prentice and brought him things,
Thousands of useless things—Ah me!
And they said as they set him his task: "Each brings
Honour and comfort and industry.
Love but the life we apportion to thee,
And speak the lie that proclaims it true."
But he asked for one beautiful thing to do—
"And a crust of bread were enough," said he.

Chorus. What would you have my 'prentice do?
Why, do as the master craftsman did!
He spake and he lived and he laboured true!

"WHAT ELSE OF WISDOM? WHAT OF MAN'S ENDEAVOUR?"

NOT in the light of the leaf
As it catches the sun;
Not in the long, restless, gossamer wave
Over blue seas spun;
Not in the first flush of strength,
Nor the glory of youth,
Nor the outspoken, clear-ringing, golden,
Bell-voiced truth,
Shall beauty survive.

Not in the full-throated chime
Of some great Marseillaise,
Nor the long Latin reverence of rhyme
In hymns of old praise;
Not in all these, nor the sum
Of all these, nor the sound
Of the music and joy that declares them,
The speech, nor the form,
Shall beauty be found.

Circle the earth with a word,
Set the lightnings to play,
Single the stars from their nets of gems
In the Milky Way,
Call from the cloud to the cloud,
Make everlasting the song,
Catch in a verse the appearance
Of right and wrong,—
Still beauty's not there.

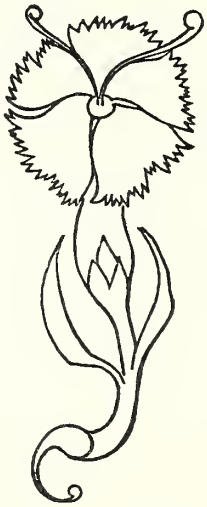
Not in the star-fretted dusk,
Half voice, half dream,
When in the vesper-borne pageant of thought
Strange things half seem;
Not in the cold blue night,
When snow's on the ground;
Not in the filmy-eyed morn,
Half light, half sound,
Shall beauty be found.

But in the soul of all these,
In the spirit that broods,
Like her of the Dürer dream, in the innermost,
Man, man's moods,
Man in the fear of the Lord,
In the light of the mind,
In the knowledge of God in between,
In love not blind,
Shall beauty be seen.

ENVOI.

Wisdom hath builded her house
On the rock deep riven,
Clustered and domed to the light of the sun,
Her great piers seven
Carven and crownèd with gold,
Wreathen with roses unthorned,
A delight for ten thousand of eyes,
Her table adorned,
Prepared for the wise.

Thou too shalt see with thine eyes
Triumphs of youths
In long processions arise
To songs of old truths,
Dancing and tabretted maidens ascend,
Red-filletted kine,
Altars with incense and fruits,
The flowers, the bread and the wine,—
If thou be wise.



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